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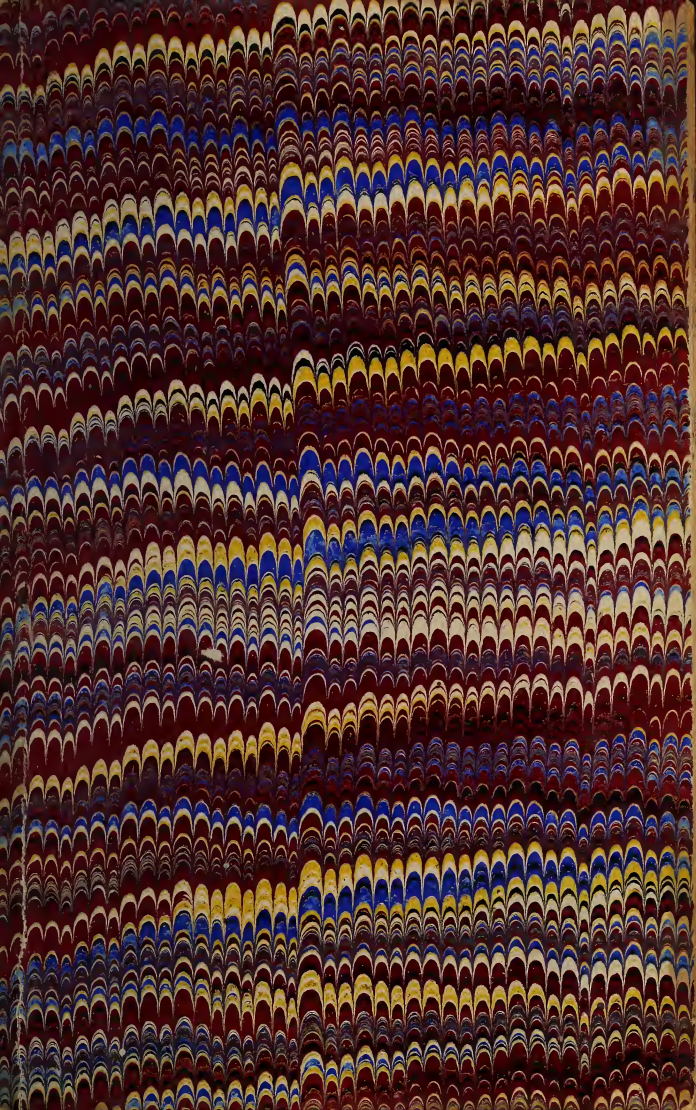

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems;

WITH

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PEASANT POETS OF SCOTLAND.

BY

JAMES CAIRNS.

"But he, I ween, was of the north countrie,
A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms:
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

Beattie.

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TO

SIR DAVID ERSKINE,

OF

Dryburgh Abbey, *Knight*,

THESE POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

JAMES CAIRNS.

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INTRODUCTORY

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Peasant Poets of Scotland.

AMONG the Nations of the East, and at an early period of the history of mankind, Poetry had some attention paid to it; and, in the Western parts, the remains of Runic and Celtic Poetry shew how early and how carefully this art was cultivated. Garcilasso informs us, that Poetry is studied in Peru and Mexico. We are also told by Gobien, that even the illiterate inhabitants of the Marian Islands have bards who compose heroic Poems, and celebrate the feats of their ancestors. There are vestiges of Poetry among the Apalachites, in North America; and we have heard of the wild sun-scorched inhabitants of Africa sooth-

ing the sorrows of a Scotsman* with a song. Thus Poetry is not the exclusive property of any nation.

Poetry possesses great influence over the passions; and, in consequence, we find that in the early stages of all states of which we have an account, it has been encouraged and honoured, the persons of its professors held sacred, and their character respected. Moses was eminent for his skill in Poetry—David was a bard of very great excellence—Solomon wrote Poetry,—these were the holiest and wisest men that ever lived. Lycurgus, Solon, and Alfred, the greatest lawgivers, studied the art. The greatest warriors, Alexander, Cæsar, and Augustus, practised or patronized the art. To polished nations, Poetry affords pleasure; but to infant states it affords not only pleasure, but advantage; and, for the one reason or the other, both have never failed to recommend it, by making it an ingredient in their future felicity:—All ages, nations, and religions agreeing in giving Music and Poetry a place in their paradise, however much they differ in their notions of it. In our own country too, at a period when the Druids taught in their woody temples, or when Ossian sung his wild inspiring strains on the heath-clad mountains of his native land, Poetry was respected and admired;—but to fix

* Park.

upon any time when Poetry began to be cultivated in Scotland, is impossible. From the small number of specimens handed down to us from the more early ages, it is undoubtedly difficult, if it be possible, to ascertain from whence sprung the first seeds of our Poetry. Although Scotland was never totally conquered by the Romans, it is well known that they diffused a spirit of enquiry among the barbarous Scots, and animated them with a zeal for learning and the sciences, which were completely unknown and disregarded anterior to the Roman invasion. Of intellectual and moral improvement, however, the progress is generally slow. The extreme poverty of the Scots, at this period, precluded them from an early participation of such advantages or pleasures as science and literature are capable of affording. The great distance from the seat of the Roman Government, and the barren regions of the north, tended greatly to prolong paganism, though at the same time it secured Scotland from an invasion. The decisive victories of the Romans were often productive of such inestimable consequences, that it may be considered a very difficult question whether, in many instances, their warlike achievements were more destructive to political freedom, or more conducive to the dissemination of useful knowledge. Learning began to appear at an earlier period in England, and from that nation we acquired a

slight tincture of moral refinement. We are informed that Scotland, after its conversion, made rapid advances in every branch of useful knowledge; but to trace its poetic or literary history, would far exceed the limits of this book. I shall, therefore, confine my observations to a certain poetical department alone.

In order, therefore, to exemplify the taste of our ancestors for poetical composition, and to shew how early the art was cultivated with success, it is necessary to extract a few lines from an Ode, said to have been written soon after the death of Wallace, by Henry the Minstrel. These are as follows:

Envious Death, who ruins all,
Hath wrought the sad lamented fall
Of Wallace; and no more remains
Of him than what an urn contains.
Ashes for our hero we have,
He, for his armour, a cold grave.
He left the world too low a state,
And by his worth o'ercame his fate:
His soul, Death had no power to kill;
His noble deeds the world doth fill
With lasting trophies of his name.
&c. &c. &c.

I dare not distinctly aver that these beautiful lines are

the production of Henry, though many an eminent antiquary hath laboured to prove that he was the author, and they are appended to some editions of his works. The poem has been handed down to us in Latin, from the 14th century, and, in Dr Irving's learned Dissertation, we read the following:—

Invida mors tristé Gulielmum funere Vallam,
Qua cunita tollit, sustulit:
Et tanto pro cive, cinis; pro finibus urna est;
Frigusque pro lorica obit.
Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiera reliquit:
At fata factis supprimens,
Parte sui meliore solum coelumque pererrat.
Hoc spiritu illud gloria.
&c. &c. &c.

That a man, born blind, could write an ode of this description in the Latin language, is rather opposed, I must confess, to my ideas of a blind man's ability to learn. But the concurring testimony of distinguished writers proves, beyond a doubt, that Henry was acquainted with the Latin tongue, and even the French. Irving, already quoted, observes, that "he occasionally uses French words; and the Chronicle of Blair, whence he professes to have deri-

ved his principal materials, was, as he has informed us, compiled in Latin." This tends to ground the supposition that Henry was able to write an ode in the Latin language, and that he was skilled in more languages than the uncouth speech of his native land. If he really is the author, it certainly proves to demonstration, that true poetic excellence was nursed in the bosom of a wandering peasant minstrel, at a very early period.

The most ancient specimen of Poetry, written in the Scottish language, is a few lines composed on the death of Alexander the Third, in the year 1285. The author is unknown, but the lines are excellent, and they deserve transcription:—

Guhen Alysandyr oure King wes dede,
That Scotland led in lawe and le,
Awey wes sins of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and glee;
Oure gold was changyd in to lede:
Cryst, born into virgynyte,
Succour, Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte.

Many other specimens might have been quoted had the limits of this book permitted, but the above will suffice to

show how early good verse was wrote by the peasant minstrel of Scotland. She has, therefore, greater reason to be proud of her peasant Poets than any other nation in the world. The hand of nature has tossed the land of Burns into scenes of a thousand romantic forms, highly calculated to awaken the feelings of the Poet, and kindle into a flame that spark of genius which lies dormant in his breast. Although we find nothing in the ballads of barbarous ages approaching to Poetry, in style or sentiment, yet the warm imaginations of our forefathers, in succeeding generations, have embalmed to us, in imperishable beauty, their moral character; and, in their national lyrics alone, we discover the heart of a wise, simple, and thoughtful people. If we knew nothing of our forefathers but the pure and affectionate songs and ballads—the wild and pathetic airs of music which they loved, we should know enough to convince us that they were a race of men, strong, healthful, happy, and dignified in the genial spirit of nature. The lower order of the Scotch seem always to have had deeper, calmer, purer, and more reflecting affections than those of any other people; and, at the same time, they have possessed, and do still possess, an imagination that broods over these affections with a constant delight, and kindles them into a strength and power which, when brought into action by domestic or national trouble, have

often, in good truth, been sublime. Religion, too, is blended with every circumstance of the peasant's life, and gives a quiet and settled permanency to their feelings; and, in reading Scottish Poetry, we meet with none of that harsh, lewd, and blasphemous expression, which is to be found in the writings of English authors. The language of Scripture, too, is familiar to the mind of every Scotch peasant, which has a great tendency to dissipate the ruder passions of the mind; and we generally find a great deal of Scottish Peasant Poetry founded on religion.

Intestine warfare fostered and encouraged the growth of Scottish genius—Wit and Poetry flourished coeval with ferocious bigotry, tyranny, and bloodshed, on the same spot, and under the same government. The ancient order of minstrels was highly respected, and always found a ready welcome at the baronial castle of the chieftain, as well as at the lowly cottage of the peasant. In them the inhabitants beheld persons who could unfold to them the history and warlike exploits of their forefathers, the period of their combats, the end of their triumphs, and the extraordinary feats of all those stars which shone not but amongst laurels. "The minstrels," observes Percy, in his Essay on the Ancient Bards, "were an order of men, in the middle ages, who subsisted by arts of Poetry and Music, and sang to the harp verses composed by them-

selves or others. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action, and to have practised such various means of diverting, as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. These arts rendered them extremely popular, and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries, where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit! And while the minstrel tuned his harp, and sung a doleful song to the memory of some fallen chieftain, he became not only a pleasing monitor, but a sympathizing friend."

The ancient bards were more dignified than the minstrels; though Percy observes that the minstrels of the middle ages were descended from the bards, who were once so very conspicuous in all the nations of Europe. In fact the one composed, and the other sang the songs or ballads.

In a collection of laws, enacted by Kenneth the Second, about the year 850, there is a clause in reference to the bards, which merits transcription:—"*All vagoboundis, fulis, bardis, scudlaws, and all siclik pepil salbe brint on*

the cheik, and scurgit with wandis, bot gif they find some craft to wyn their lewyng." This is a severe law, but it probably only referred to those who led a wandering life, and were not protected by the nobility or great families. Be this as it may, it degrades the bards of Scotland to the meanest station. And again, we find in the laws promulgated by Macbeth, "*Fulis, menstrales, bardis, and all other sic ydle pepil, bot gif they be specially licent be the King, salbe compellit to seek sum craft to wyn thair lewyng. Gif thay refuse, yae shalbe drawin lik hors in ye pluch and harrowis.*" The poor poets, I fear, would make a very weak team! Dr Irving, in his excellent Dissertation on the Literary History of Scotland, in reference to this, observes, that this law, if ever such law was in force, must not be considered as satisfactory proof, that, during the eleventh century, the Scottish minstrels were ranked with the meanest vagrants. It seems only to inculcate the maxim, that this order ought to be controlled by certain regulations, least the allowment of such a life should deprive society of too great a number of active members. Such restrictions might be absolutely requisite. In Ireland, the order was at one time so numerous, that it is said to have included one-third of the national population.

After the reign of Macbeth, we lose sight of the minstrels and bards, until the minority of David the Second,

when the Earl of Murray endeavoured to restrain vagrants of every description, but he exempted the *minstrels*, as their services were considered important in the national war. Mr Pinkerton informs us that, in 1457, minstrels were classed with knights and heralds, and authorised to wear silken apparel. The Scottish minstrels were first in the highest reverence,—the superior ones reciting to the great their compositions, or those of other poets, in the French language, till about the fourteenth century, when they began to use the common tongue. But, in time, a gradual change of the manners of chivalry brought neglect and contempt on the bards, and, after them, on the minstrels. Notwithstanding the high station which the minstrels held in society, they again gradually sunk into contempt; but the precise period when they became altogether extinct in Scotland, is uncertain. At the Reformation, when such a material change took place in the national religion, we need not be surprised that a great change took place in the national manners and customs; and at this period minstrelism experienced a total overthrow. The order of bards, however, were long after revered in the Highlands, though it does not appear that they were ever noticed in the Lowlands after the Revolution. The only wandering bard now living on the Border, is John White, a poor blind man, who travels from ham-

let to hamlet, and recites or sings his ballads to the cottagers, and picks up a scanty pittance by the sale of his unoffending rhyme. This man is a native of Berwickshire, and was a soldier in his younger years, but lost his eye-sight, and was discharged. He is pious, cheerful, and contented.

To attempt any thing like a biographical sketch of the Peasant Poets of Scotland, in a work of this nature and extent, would be impossible; but I cannot close these desultory observations, without noticing, very briefly, two self-taught bards, natives of Roxburghshire.

Andrew Scott, commonly called the "Bowden Poet," is well known as the author of a volume of Poems, and of some very popular Songs. His "Symon and Janet," is a masterly delineation of "Scotch courage in a Scotch cottage:" he has painted this ludicrous scene with no unskilful pencil. Many of his Poems contain a rich vein of humour; and his "Swinglin' o' the Lint" requires only to be read to be admired by every lover of the rustic muse.

Robert Davidson, presently residing at Hownam Mill, in 1825, published a volume of Poems, possessing very considerable merit. Though they display no high powers of invention, yet they exhibit an interesting picture of rural scenes, and will be found to contain much of Poesy. The situation and studies of the Peasant Poet prepare him for

excelling in Scottish Poetry ; yet the following verses, from Davidson's Poems, is sufficient to evince that he can employ the English language with considerable efficacy.

What gives the bleakest region charms?
What is the nurse of arts and arms ?
And every manly bosom warms ?
It is the smile of liberty.

What makes science stretch her scan?
What doth the flame of genius fan?
And rouses all that's great in man?
It is the breath of liberty.

But now this noble gift of Heaven,
Must from Europea's climes be driven;
For which, her gallant sons have striven,
And barter'd life for liberty.

From her dark zenith slavery frowns,
Through her domains the war-note sounds,
And loudly calls on cowls and crowns
To quench the light of liberty.

The doughty Bourbon bared his sword,
Its point has often freedom gored ;

And chill Siberia's savage horde
Has vow'd the ban of liberty.

As freedom stands their aim and thrust,
And sees the storm of ruin burst,
She turns her eye where she was nurst,
O'er to the isle of liberty.

Britannia, belted with the wave,
Proud with the trophies of the brave,
Must either lend her hand to save,
Or lend the bier of liberty.

When she beholds devoted Spain
Fair freedom's sinking head sustain,
Her rampant lion shakes his main,
Roused by the shrieks of liberty.

Oh! Spain! proud genius, burst your urn,
And bare the brand by freedom worn
At Marathon, and Bannockburn,
These glorious fields of liberty.

Pour, slavery! pour your swarms, but know,
Though countless, you're a feeble foe;
No energetic ardours glow,
But in the cause of liberty.

Let your cold vot'ries try to bind
In bands of steel, the viewless mind;
And change the stamp of human kind,
Ere they extinguish liberty.

Make stately rivers landward glide,
Make winter walk in summer's pride,
And fix the ocean's restless tide,
Ere they extinguish liberty.

Let banded despots, potent prov'd,
Becalm the stormy tempest loud,
And chain the bolt that cuts the cloud,
And then extinguish liberty!

Davidson undoubtedly possesses talents above the ordinary level, and appears to be a man of strong natural parts, and to have a fine poetic fancy. His verses approach much nearer to the elegance of modern English Poetry than could have been expected from a man reared in the humblest shades of Scottish life, and of slender education. That the above Poem entitles him to very considerable praise as a versifier, none but

"Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,"

will venture to controvert. Both Scott and Davidson still

live to sing the " rural scenes and rural pleasures of their native soil, and in their native tongue;" though, to use the language of Ramsay, " half a century of years have now row'd o'er their pow, that begins now to be lyart." They have trained up honest and industrious families, though, like others, (Heaven-favoured,) struggled sair with the thorny hill of human life. Genius is a plant of celestial growth: when it happens to raise its head in earthly soil, it is often bedewed with the tears of poverty. For the truth of this, we need only appeal to the lives of the Poets in all ages. With the muse, comes a train of fates severely kind, and blasts every earthly view. The poor Poet has to contend day after day with the gurly waves of adversity, and struggles in vain to gain a peaceful and happy haven. Like the drunkard to the bottle, he flies to the muse to court consolation; but, alas! she too fails to brighten the scene around, which is become dark on every side. Nothing is so much to be dreaded as poverty, and nothing touches the feelings like it; and amidst all the calamities of human life, poverty is the most miserable, since it not only exposes mankind to troubles that are but seldom alleviated, but subjects him always to the contempt of those who are blessed by Providence with greater riches, though they possess no superior natural endowments. In

poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct, however praiseworthy, can entirely secure a man from reproach.

O' a' the ills on man befa',
Maist poverty I dree;
For canny up life's hill we ca',
When that our purse grows wee.

When siller's gane, and credit lost,
There's nae ane cares for me;
It's then I feel life's cauldest frost,
When that my purse grows wee.

Old Song.

Notwithstanding these, and many other circumstances, how many do we see launching their little bark with a propitious gale when they depart out of the haven, though soon after they suffer a sorrowful shipwreck.

We poets, in our youth, begin in gladness,
But, therefore, in the end, comes despondency and madness.

Wordsworth.

These are no more, however, than the sports, exercises, acts, courses, and navigation of fortune and destiny, which men strive to establish in human things. We gain there-

by to lose,—we rise up to fall,—we appear to perish,—we embark ourselves to split on a rock. Behold then the destinies of this world, and the fortunes of Poets! on which, nevertheless, they are accustomed to fix their hopes.

THE

MEETING

OF

Bruce and Wallace,

ON THE

BANKS OF THE CARRON.

THE morn rose bright on scenes renown'd—
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,—
Where the bold sons of other days
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,
And fell—but not till Carron's tide
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.
—The morn rose bright, and heard the cry
Sent by exulting hosts on high;
And saw the white cross banner float,
(While rung each clansman's gathering note,)

O'er the dark plumes and seried spears
Of Scotland's daring mountaineers!
As all elate with hope they stood,
To buy their freedom with their blood,—
The sunset shone, to guide the flying,
And beam a farewell to the dying!—
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,
Streams upon eyes in slumber seal'd—
Deep slumber—not to pass away
When breaks another morning's ray;
Nor vanish when the trumpet's voice
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice!
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath
May chase the still cold sleep of death?
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd plaid,
Low are her mountain warriors laid—
They fell on that proud soil, whose mould
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
And, guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman but a grave!

Nobly they fell—yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride!
Vainly they fell—that martyr host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
—Blest are the slain! they calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country weep:
The shouts of England's triumph telling,
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling;
And those surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or death,
May give the slumberers' lowly bier
An envying glance, but not a tear!
But though, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie!
No vassal-spirit form'd to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds thy brow;
No shade of fear, or weak despair,
Blends with indignant sorrow there!
The ray which streams on yon red field,
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,

Glitters not there alone to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;
But where smooth Carron's rippling wave
Flows near the death-bed of the brave,
Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on the lofty mien !
But other beams, O Patriot, shine,
In each commanding glance of thine ;
And other light hath fill'd thine eye
With inspiration's majesty—
Caught from the immortal flame divine,
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine !
Thy voice, a prophet's tone, hath won
The grandeur freedom lends her son—
Thy bearing—a resistless power,
The ruling genius of the hour—
And he, yon chief, with mien of pride,
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek—

Feels his reluctant mind controll'd
By thine, of more heroic mould;
Though struggling all in vain to war
With that high mind's ascendant star—
He with a conqueror's scornful eye,
Would mock the name of liberty.
" Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice,—
Proud victor, in thy fame rejoice!
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
The harvest of thy battle-plain,
And bathed thy sword in blood, whose spot
Eternity shall cancel not?
Rejoice, with sounds of wild lament,
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent;
With dying mean, and dirges wail,
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail!
Rejoice, while yet exulting cries
From England's conquering hosts arise,
And strains of choral triumph tell
Her royal slave hath fought too well!

Oh! dark the clouds of woe that rest,
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain crest:
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
O'er martyr'd chiefs her daughters mourn,
And not a breeze but wafts the sound
Of wailing through the land around.
Yet deem not though till life depart,
High hope shall leave the Patriot's heart.
Or courage to the storm inured,
Or stern resolves by woes matured,—
Oppose to Fate's severest hour
Less than unconquerable power.
No! though the orbs of Heaven expire,
Thine, freedom, is a quenchless fire;—
And woe to him whose might would dare
The energies of thy despair!
No! when thy chains, O Bruce, is cast
O'er thy land's charter'd mountain blast,
Then in my yielding soul shall die
The glorious faith of liberty!"

"Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's mind that rise,"
With haughty laugh the conqueror cries,
(Yet his dark cheek is flush'd with shame,
And his eyes fill'd with troubled flame,)
"Vain brief illusions! doom'd to fly
England's red path of victory!
Is not her sword unmatch'd in might?
Her course a torrent in the fight?
The terror of her name gone forth
Wide o'er the regions of the north!
Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,
Must freedom's footsteps now repose,
And thou, in lofty dreams elate,
Enthusiast! strive no more with Fate!
'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.
Where are the chiefs who stood with thee
First in the battles of the free!
The firm in heart, in spirit high,
They sought yon fatal field to die!

Each step of Edward's conquering host,
Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast!"
"Vassal of England—yes, a grave
Where sleep the faithful and the brave!
And who the glory would resign,
Of death like theirs, for life like thine?
They slumber—and the stranger's tread
May spurn thy country's noble dead:
Yet on the land they loved so well,
Still shall their burning spirit dwell;
Their deeds shall hallow minstrel's theme—
Their image rise on warrior's dream—
Their names be inspiration's breath,
Kindling high hope and scorn of death,
Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,
The flame that shall avenge their doom.
This is no land for chains—away!
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway!
Think'st thou the mountain and the storm,
Their hardy sons for bondage form,—

Doth our stern wintry blasts instil
Submission to a despot's will?
No! we were cast in other mould
Than theirs, by lawless power controll'd.
The nurture of our bitter sky
Calls forth resisting energy;
And the wild fastnesses are ours,
The rocks with their eternal towers.—
The soul to struggle and to dare,
Is mingled with our northern air;
And dust beneath our soil is lying,
Of those who died, for fame, undying!—
Tread'st thou that soil! and can it be
No loftier thought is roused in thee?
Doth no high feeling proudly start
From slumber in thine inmost heart?
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,
For thine own Scotland, pleading still?
Oh! wake thee yet—indignant claim
A nobler fate—a purer fame;

And cast to earth thy fetters riven,
And take thine offer'd crown from Heaven.
Wake! in that high majestic lot,
May the dark past be all forgot;
And Scotland shall forgive the field
Wherewith her blood thy shame was seal'd.
E'en I—though on that fatal plain,
Lies my heart's brother with the slain;
Though rest of his heroic worth,
My spirit dwells alone on earth;
And when all other grief is past,
Must this be cherish'd to the last?
Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,
With faith unspotted as his own;
Nor in thy noon of fame recall,
Whose was the guilt that wrought his fall.
Still dost thou hear in stern disdain,
Are freedom's warning accents vain?
No! royal Bruce! within thy breast
Wakes each high thought, too long suppress'd,

And thy heart's noblest feelings live
Blent in that suppliant word *Forgive.*"
" Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done!
Wallace! thy fairest palm is won;
And, kindling at my country's shrine,
My soul hath caught a spark from thine.
Oh! deem not in the proudest hour
Of triumph and exulting power;
Deem not the light of peace could find
A home within my troubled mind.—
Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,
Dark, silent, secret, there have been;
Known but to him whose glance can trace
Thought to its deepest dwelling-place!
'Tis past,—and on my native shore
I tread a rebel son no more.
Too blest, if yet my lot may be
In glory's path to follow thee.
If tears, by late repentance pour'd,
May wash the blood-stains from my sword,

Far other tears, O Wallace! rise
From the heart's fountain to thine eyes!
Bright, holy, and uncheck'd they spring,
While thy voice falters"——" Hail, my King!
Be every wrong, by memory traced,
In this full tide of joy effaced!
Hail! and rejoice—thy race shall claim
A heritage of deathless fame;
And Scotland shall arise at length
Majestic, in triumphant strength,
An eagle of the rock, that won
A way through tempests to the sun;
Nor scorn the visions wildly grand,
The prophet-spirit of the land.
—By torrent-wave, in desert vast,
Those visions o'er my thought have pass'd,
Where mountain vapours darkly roll,
That spirit hath possess'd my soul;
And shadowy forms have met mine eye,
The beings of futurity:—

And a deep voice of years to be,
Hath told that Scotland shall be free.
He comes! exult, thou sire of Kings,
From thee, the chief—the avenger springs—
Far o'er the land he comes to save,
His banners in their glory wave;
And Albyn's thousand harps awake
On hill and heath, by stream and lake,
To swell the strains that far around
Bid the proud name of Bruce resound!
And I—but wherefore now recall
The whisper'd omens of my fall,—
They come in mysterious gloom,—
There is no bondage in the tomb!
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,—
And earth alone for man hath chains.
What though I perish ere the hour
When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power;
If shed for her, my blood shall stain
The field or scaffold not in vain;

Its voice, to efforts more sublime,
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,
And, in the noontide of her lot,
My country shall forget me not."

Art thou forgot, and hath thy worth
Without its glory pass'd from earth?
—Rest with the brave, whose names belong
To the high sanctity of song;
Charter'd, our reverence to control,
And traced in sunbeams on the soul!
Thine, Wallace, while the heart hath still
One pulse, a generous thought can thrill,
While youth's warm tears are yet the meed
Of martyrs' death, or heroes' deed,
Shall brightly live from age to age,
Thy country's proudest heritage!
'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling—
Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling—
Thy memory speaks in torrent wave—
Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave;

And cold the wanderer's heart must be
That holds not converse there with thee!
Yet Scotland, to thy champion's shade,
Still are thy grateful rites delay'd;
From lands of old renown o'erspread
With proud memorials of the dead!
The trophied urn—the breathing bust—
The pillar, guarding noble dust;
The shrine where art and genius high
Have labour'd for eternity!
The stranger comes—his eye explores
The wilds of thy majestic shores,
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone*
Raised to the hero—all thine own!

* With the exception of the colossal statue of Wallace, erected by the late patriotic Earl of Buchan, in 1814, I know of no other monument erected to the memory of that 'Great Patriotic Hero.'—"This statue is 31 feet high in whole. The pedestal is 10 feet, and the 'Giant of Dryburgh' is 21 from the heel to the dragon wing on his helmet."—For a more particular account of this interesting monument to heroic worth, see Sir David Erskine's *Annals and Antiquities of Dryburgh.*

Lands of bright deeds and minstrel lore,
Withhold that guerdon now no more:
On some bold height of awful form,
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
Sublimely mingling with the skies,
Bid the proud cenotaph arise!
Not to record the name that thrills
Thy soul—the watch-word of thy hills;
Not to assert, with needless claim,
The bright for ever of its fame;—
But in the ages yet untold,
When ours shall be the days of old,
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride
In him—for thee who lived and died.

THE

MEETING

OF

Bruce and Wallace.

NOTE.—The Revolution in Scotland, made by her champion Wallace, induced the English Monarch to listen to a truce which had been proposed by the French, with whom he was at war, that he might the more easily reduce Scotland. Immediately upon his arrival in England, he assembled a numerous and and well disciplined army, amounting to 80,000 foot, besides cavalry. After he had arranged every thing for a campaign, he led his mighty army into Scotland, and encountered the brave Scots, mustered by Wallace, upon the 22d of July 1298. Robert Bruce served in the English army, who, partly from a groundless jealousy of Wallace, and partly from Edward's promises of reducing Caledonia, and making him King thereof, the brave Bruce became an avowed partizan of the English.

The place where the two armies met is about half way be-

tween the Roman Wall and the river Carron, in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, upon the north, extending from the Grangeburn, on the east, to the west of Camelon, where Wallace crossed the Carron. The unfortunate issue of this battle must be well known to every reader of Scottish history.—Suffice it to say, that after a bloody engagement, the English army proved victorious.

" Bruce pursued Wallace to the river Carron, and, like one of the warriors of antiquity, called out to him with a loud voice, as he stood upon the opposite bank, demanding a private interview with him, to which the other readily assented ; and both walked upon the opposite sides till they came to a place where the channel was narrow, and the banks exceeding steep, supposed to have been near the foundation of the ancient Roman bridge, upon the south side of the village of Larbert. They stood with the stream between them, and held that memorable conference, which first opened the eyes of Bruce to a just view, both to his own interest, and that of his country. Bruce began with representing to Wallace the madness of taking up arms against so powerful a King as Edward, and charged him with having a view to the crown himself. The other, without suffering him to proceed any farther, replied with great warmth, that his very soul abhorred such ambitious views, that a pure disinterested regard for the welfare of his country was the sole motive by which he was animated; and concluded with telling him, that he himself had brought much misery upon his country, and altogether blind to his own interest in giving such aid to the English. This conference sunk deep into the mind of Bruce, and convinced him of the foolish part he had hitherto been acting. He died soon after, and it was thought

that remorse and grief for his past errors tended to shorten his days. Before his death, he had not an opportunity of seeing his eldest son, who was kept as a pledge of his father's obedience in the Castle of Calais, in France, but he found means of communicating to him his new sentiment; by adopting which, he came to mount the throne, and was the glorious instrument of restoring liberty and independence to Scotland."—*History of the Scottish Wars.*

THE

LEAFLESS TREE.

THE silver moon careers a sky
Whose breast is bright as beauty's eye,
Though somewhat of a paler hue—
Though somewhat of a milder blue;—
While sweeps around me far and fast
With icy breath, the brumal blast,
And land and lakes are whitely lost
In glistening snow, and sparkling frost.
—When last thy trunk by me was seen,
The bloom was white—the leaf was green;
The air was stirless, and the sun
His summer circuit had begun;
While throng'd about the flowers and thee,
The singing bird and humming bee;

And 'neath thy boughs the cattle stray'd,
For sunshine could not pierce thy shade.
The playful foals were gather'd there,
And breathed in haste the shaded air;
Startled at every murmur by,
With rising ears, and kindling eye,
Paw'd wantonly their clay'd shed,
And toss'd the forlock o'er the head.
—Now, birds and bees and cattle gone,
Upon the waste thou stand'st alone,
Beside thee, and beneath thee, none!
The fruitage and the foliage fled,
Thy naked and unshelter'd head
Uprears its straggling boughs on high
To greet the moonshine and the sky.

With barren, leafless boughs, lone tree,
Such change presentest thou to me;
Thy fading leaf, and fleeting span,
Remind me of the fate of man!

Speechless,—to me, thou seem'st to say,
" All mortal things, like me, decay;
" Partaking in a round like mine,
" Their spring—their summer—and decline."

Though wisdom bids me not repine,
How like thy luckless lot is mine!
Spring strew'd thy widening boughs with bloom,
Which summer ripen'd to perfume,—
Which autumn mellow'd to decay,—
And winter served and swept away.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS

TO THE

Rising Sun.

O THOU bright monarch of the sky,
Whence is thy lasting majesty?
Whence, O sun, thy glorious light,
That dispels the darkest shades of night?
At thy command the stars decay,
The moon collects her silver ray,
And darkens in the morning sky,
While thou comes forth in beauty.

The reverend oaks fall down and die,
And eagles fail to meet thee in the sky;

The hoary cliff, by tempest worn,
Sinks down amidst the bellowing storm—
The ocean ebbs and flows anew,
The midnight moon is lost from view,
But thou alone proceeds to run
Alternately a glorious sun.

When murd'ring storms surround our flocks,
And angry thunders rend the rocks,
When lightnings flash from pole to pole,
And down the madd'ning rivers roll,
Thou, in thy beauty, smiles serene,
Amidst the elemental scene!
The noisy war of clouds obey—
They own thy universal sway.

Thy yellow curls speck the eastern sky,
The mountain eagle soars on high;
Thy beams doth tinge the face of day,—
To me, vain is thy brightest ray!

The western ocean hails the night
To taste thy trembling solar light;
The dusky waves thy parting beam,
Alas! for me, no friendly gleam.*

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* "But to me thy light is vain, whether thou spreadest thy gold yellow curls on the face of the eastern cloud, banishing night from every place except from the eye of the bard that never shall see thy light."—M'CALLUM's *Collection of Ossian's Poems.*

LINES

ON THE

WAR IN POLAND, 1831.

What voice do I hear ?—'tis the voice of the brave,—
'Tis the voice of our warriors—our country to save;
'Tis freedom that calls, 'tis liberty's cry,—
Lead on to the battle, our foemen must die.
Go forth, ye heroes, our wrongs to revenge,—
To the battle-field go, free our country from chains!
O, ye Gods! from thee a victory we crave,—
Either grant us a country, or grant us a grave;—
For sooner shall death seal our fate on the field,
Than we'll turn to Russia's proud tyrant and yield.

LINES

ON

SPRING.

Farewell, Winter, and come thou smiling Spring,
The flowers revive—the birds rejoice and sing;
All things now shake off their icy chains,
And new-born plants bedeck the hills and plains:
The sun slowly climbs his ambient way,
O'er every herb he spreads a vivid ray,—
Relieves the bursting earth, and sends his beams
To warm the soil, and heat meandering streams.
Each hill and dale are now with greens array'd,
The rills run down, and glitter through the glade;
'Midst gardens, too, my humble song shall rise,
With sweets surrounded, of ten thousand dyes!

What cheering scents the blooming banks exhale,
And zephyr breathes perfume along the vale;
The thrush hops on the spray, his note so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky;—
The morning lark, high in the yellow cloud,
Attunes his song to love, and sings aloud;
The cuckoo returns to greet the vernal spring,
And blackbirds, on budding trees, delight to sing!
"Music wakes 'round," and cheers the sinking soul,
Whilst we adore the Author of the whole.

STANZAS

ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RE-INTERMENT OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

Alike the mean and mighty fall,
The prince and peasant die;
Time, like a tyrant, levels all,
And sweeps unheeding by
Down to oblivion and decay,—
The countless thousands pass away,
For one, whose honours high
Remain a morning star, to shine
With light undying and divine.

True—that the world is sunk in crime,—
That error walks abroad,—
Yet virtue ever soars sublime
O'er every pressing load.
A cloud may veil the lord of day,
But glows he, when it glides away,
Less brightly than he glow'd?
Or can opposing tempests bend
The giant from his journey's end?

Thus it is with the great in soul,
The mighty of our race,—
Who onwards pant to glory's goal,
Their only resting place.
Amid the sapient and the brave,
Thy destiny survives the grave;
Nor e'er shall time efface
The halo round thine honour'd urn—
Immortal chief of Bannockburn!

Five centuries have roll'd along
In silence o'er mankind
Since thou,—in youthful vigour strong,
As danced upon the wind
Thy war-crest on the battle eve—
Didst to the chin De Bohun cleave!
And all the host behind
Shouted—and hostile camps did view
With wonder, and with trembling too!

But yet thy fame hath nobly stemm'd
The cataract of years;
In honour's sacred temple gemm'd
Thy kingly worth appears!
For thou wert not of those who take
Delight in impious war, and slake
Their wrath with human tears—
So when the sword was sheathed, thy mind
Was gentle as the summer wind.

Thy Scotland shall forget thee not,
Brave champion of her right!
Thou art her praise—to every Scot
A glory and delight:
And countless thousands yet to come
Shall kneel with reverence at thy tomb,
And kindle at its sight!
To think that there the dust remains
Of him, that broke his country's chains!

VERSES

ON THE

Death of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon triumph'd on Marengo's plain,
He made and unmade Monarchs at a stroke;
He saw them crouch like vassals in his train,
And bend their necks beneath his iron yoke.

Gay phantoms rose on his deluded sight,
And fame's bright temple in the landscape shone;
The fane was halo'd round with meteor light,
And there the hero sought to rear his throne.

Seized with the lust of universal sway,—
From torrid India to the frozen pole
He burst each barrier that opposed his way,—
All but the elements he could control.

Untaught by all who trode the slippery path,
Who in the fruitless chase have toil'd and bled;
Or urged by fate to meet his day of wrath,
He to the stormy north his legions led.

His cup was full, his destiny was come,—
Dire was the conflict, sad that hour of woe:
But hush!—let exultation now be dumb,
Poor is the triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe.

What mind can muse upon his fate unmoved,
When memory traces all his bright career!
And thinks of one so hated, scorn'd, and loved,
And those who heard his name with dread and fear.

Oh! it is humbling to the pride of man
To mark the strange vicissitudes below;
To see a brother in life's narrow span,
Whom fate had raised so high, to sink so low.

Gay land of mirth, and frivolous delight!
Reflect, be wise, take warning from the past;
He shed around you martial glory bright,—
Sick of the blaze, you sought repose at last.

THE

Wild Rose.

From cloudless skies the sun o'erhung
With crimson fire the western main;
In shadows deep, and verdure young,
The woods and fields smiled back again.

It was a luxury to breathe
The very air so pure and clear;
Vales, like a map, were spread beneath,
And far with drawing hills seem'd near.

Afar from paths of men I stray'd
With raptured eye, and glowing heart;
And felt that every field and glade
Could fresh delight and love impart.

The running stream, with flowers o'erhung,
The trees that seem'd to woo the air,
The bees that humm'd, the birds that sung,
'Twas too much for the mind to bear.

The city's noise was left behind,
Remote its azure spires appear'd;
And human strife thus brought to mind,
The rural quiet more endear'd.

Beside the stream I threw me down,
Amid the flowers all fresh and fair,
And, shooting from its banks of broom,
A wild rose spread its boughs in air.

Its leaves so beautifully green,
Its cups so delicately blue,
Awaken'd thoughts of many a scene
Far banish'd from my vacant view—

Thoughts, that have long been veil'd in sleep,
Hopes, that allured, but to depart;
And recollections, buried deep
Within the shut and silent heart.

Wrapt in the mournful reverie
Of shadowy thoughts, a crowding throng
Before the glass of memory,
Like restless spirits, troopp'd along.

And for a while absorb'd in thought,
From prospects drearily o'ercast,
A solace and relief I sought
Amid the sunshine of the past.

Frail beings! are we following still
The rainbow hopes that lure afar?
By night and day, for good or ill,
With others or ourselves are war!

We cannot stop—we will not try
Contentment in our lot to find;
We dare not rest,—tranquillity
Is worse than discord to mankind.

Well—'twill be over soon,—the strife
Of being, and the fond regret;
The visions of exalted life
We cannot reach, nor yet forget.

Chain'd down, and fix'd to present care,
Like exiles to their native shore,
We look behind us, but despair
To find the bliss that charm'd before.

Then come the rack—the searching pains,—
The rankling of the poison'd wound;
And, like Prometheus, from the chains
With many a coil that gird us round.

We strive to rise—or like the bird
That beats in vain against the wires,
Until no more its wings are heard,
And palsied with its toil, expires.

A

VERSIFICATION

OF THE 17TH AND 18TH VERSES OF THE 3D CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

THOUGH fig trees die, and lose their bloom,
Though fade the spreading vine;
While, I hope in God, beyond the tomb
The richest fruits are mine.

Though labours of the olive fail,
And barren every field;
Yet virtue, in a kinder soil,
Shall plenty increase yield.

Let death and ravage sweep the flocks,
Let herds drop from the stall;
Thou, God, art an abiding rock,
Thy smiles are more than all.

I will rejoice in thee, the Lord,
Who soothes the face of woe;
Who pours thy mercies on our heads,
And makes a heaven below.

ON A

Spring Morning.

He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
The warmer gales he makes to blow,
And bids the spring return.

Sacred Hymn.

The feather'd warblers strain their throats
To hail the glad return of Spring;
The morning lark, with lovely notes,
Chaunts jocund on exulting wing.

The opening flowers, and budding trees,
  The happy birds with joy inspire;
I shall not then forget, with these,
  To join the universal choir.

The morning sun, on Heaven serene,
  Prolific spreads his glowing light;
And, rising on this earthly scene,
  Dispels the gloomy shades of night.

Hail! God! thou great omnific cause,
  Thou light of joy, thy wonders rise,—
We trace thy power, we read thy laws
  On worlds unnumber'd in the skies.

When gloomy damps oppress my soul,
  And gloomy clouds are in my sky,
Thy heavenly mercies on me roll,
  And all my many sorrows die.

The earth, obedient, hears thy will,
  She spreads her vegetable scene ;
While taught by thy unerring skill,
  Successive seasons intervene.

The sun, with warm and golden rays,
  Fills with delight the pregnant plains ;
Rolls on the herald of thy praise,
  Bids each be born, and born sustains.

THE

Grave of Eliza C——n.

WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

One lovely bush of the pale virgin thorn,
Bent o'er a little heap of lowly turf,
Is all the sad memorial of her worth,
And all that remains to tell where she was laid.

Joanna Baillie.

Ah! what avails the lover's frenzied prayer,
The lovely —— sleeps in yonder tomb;
Her lowly bed defies the storms of care,—
She'll calmly rest until her Saviour come.

Yone spreading yew waves gently o'er her grave,
And marks the spot to passing stranger's eye;
See how its nodding boughs doth seem to crave
A tear, * * * * *

"To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,"
There tell my sorrows to the mouldering heap;
All round the grave my weeping soul inspire,
I raving call on her who calmly sleep.

Without redress, complains my careless verse,
Eliza's ears relent not at my moan;
Though oft beside her grave my griefs rehearse,
Nothing but echo sends me back a groan.

Come death!—O grave, the certain spot of peace,
The resting place of all—the balm of woe;
The Christian's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.

O come and shield me from the thrills
Of fierce despair that wound my heart,
That I may dwell beyond the reach of ills,
Where C——n lives, and angels love impart.

THE

GRAVE.

How cold and silent is the tomb,
The grave, how dark and dread,—
Shrouding in an impervious gloom
"The country of the dead."

Babes that received the gift of breath,
And look'd on life's dark wave,
Have soon return'd to sleep in death
Within the silent grave.

There, dwells secure from care and woe,
Grief's furrow'd brow at last:
And in this lonely cell below
Obtains a heavenly rest.

LINES

ON READING THAT WARSAW WAS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS.

Blow gentle, ye winds, o'er the red flowing stream,
Swell not the red flowing wave;
See freedom, wild weeping, sits plaiting a wreath
To wrap round the tomb of the brave.

Oh! dark lower'd the clouds on Warsaw's high towers,
When Mars gave tyrants the sway;
The brave Polish warriors fought wild on the plain,
But soon in death's armour they lay.

Now, widows are heard raving loud in despair,
The orphan his hero bemoan;
The blood-weeping valleys are wretched and bare,—
The pride of brave Poland is gone!

ELEGY

ON

MR CHURCH.

" He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn!
The ae best master e'er was born!"
Thee, Church! ilk mother's son shall mourn,
That hauds a plough,
Or thraws the grain, when springs return,
O'er hie and howe.

Lang Jenny* did her master bear,
Wha aften saw the braird appear,

* The name of a mare Mr Church rode for some years.

And spring the tender blade uprear
Wi' nature's care;
But now, alas! her friend sae dear
She'll ne'er see mair.

Mourn ilk mavis that chaunts in spring,
Ye larks, that early raise your wing,
Wi' dolefu' sounds make woods to ring,
An' sighing wail,
An' on the hedges dowie sing
The waefu' tale.

Hinds, wives, and bairns may mournings wear,
An' o'er their noses drap a tear,
'Twill gie their sabbing heart, I fear,
Sma' remead;
Their ae best friend for mony a year,
Alas! is dead!

Ye farmers a' gae greeting, mourn,
Your neighbour dear will ne'er return,

Death's done ye sic a cursed turn
As ta'en a frien';
His worth ilk booted chield may mourn
Wi' dreeping een.

Like some auld hardy* Norway mast,
That's stood the loud an' bitter blast,
Sunk wi' a simmer breeze at last,
That gentle blaws;
It in the rowing tide is cast,
And undriven fa's.

Sae monie a storm he gallop'd through,
Ne'er minding wind or rain that blew,

---

* "Aye," said an old man, speaking of Mr Church's death, "he's been a hardy man, but the best o' timmer 'll wear"—*i. e.* he has been a healthy man, but the healthiest man will die.—Mr Church died at Mosstower, in the month of January last, much regretted by his friends and his servants. Some of his hinds have served him for upwards of 30 years. He was long known as one of the best farmers in the Vale of Teviot.

Till age's hoary honours grew
Grey o'er his head;
And the grim tyrant's weapon flew
That struck him dead.

Songs.

MY WEE LITTLE CATHERINE.

TUNE—"*Kathleen O'More.*"

THE birds in the bushes my Catherine deplore,
She fed them wi' bread, but they'll ne'er see her more!
So gentle was Catherine—my wee little Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

Her form was fair as the sweet mountain flower,
Her heart was serene as the fine broomy bower;
So loving was Catherine—my dear wee Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

So heavenly her face, enchanting her smile,
Her voice summer's breeze, and her heart void of guile;
So pure was my Catherine—my sweet wee Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

My poor throbbing heart, my Catherine bewail,
That lies in the grave, once the pride of the vale;
O my lost little Catherine—my own dear Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

Mark yonder spot, where the gowan is seen,
Where the Robin does chirp, and the sod aye grows green,
'Tis the grave of my Catherine—my lost wee Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

Adieu then, adieu, thou fair bud of time!
Beside the red rose on thy grave I'll recline,
And weep o'er my Catherine—my once bonny Catherine—
My Catherine, O.

THE

BONNIE WEE ROSEBUD.

Down 'mang the gowans that deck yon sweet burnie,
There grows a wee Rosebud, sae bonnie to see,
Wi' saft silken leaves, underneath a green thornie,
O spare the wee Rosebud—O spare it for me.

The dew drops at morn refreshes this buddie,
This bonnie wee Rosebud, O lovely to see;
The birdies sing blythely around it sae ruddy;
O spare the wee Rosebud—O spare it for me.

Now, near by yon brook, I'll oft take my station,
I'll sit and I'll sing 'neath the green thornie tree;
Enraptured to muse, and transported to gaze on
This bonnie wee Rosebud—O spare it for me.

THE

SAILOR BOY.

Ye gales that gently fan the sea,
  Where bonnie ships are sailing,
Bring home the sailor boy to me,
  Who on the ocean's dwelling.

When hawthorn blossoms scent the vale,
  And lambs the gowans nibbling,
I think on my brave sailor boy
  Who on the sea is gliding.

When angry storms arouse the skies,
And drumly clouds appearing,
Far o'er the main I cast my eye
Where my true lover's sailing.

Ye gales, waft o'er frae yonder shore
My bonnie sailor laddie,
He pants to press me to his breast,
His ain dear loving lassie.

THE

CHIRPING BIRDIES.

THE dew has bathed the lilies in spring,
And wash'd the sweet flowers blooming fair;
Now winter's return'd on her cauld chilly wing,
The fields now look dowie and bare.

The chirping birdies again leave the hedges,
Pensive, they seek the poor cottage door;
The pale dying leaf, and snaw cover'd bushes,
Shelter the wee songster no more.

The blackbird complains of blae biting frost,
The lintie of blast driven snaw ;
The robin (poor chield, I fear he is lost,)
Is tame, silent, thowless, and a'.

Oft they sue frae the cottar some pity,—
Compassion is what they desire ;
Chaunting their tale in a mournful ditty,
They sink 'mang the snaw an' expire.

LANGSYNE.

Come, Eckford, raise your beacons high,
Make a' the country shine,
And tell we have got a noble Duke,
Like him we lov'd langsyne:
Like him we lov'd langsyne, my boys,
Like him we lov'd langsyne;
Come, drink his health, wi' three times three,
As we did langsyne.

When steel did ring in Branxholm ha',
And warriors there combine,

To stand or fa' with brave Buccleuch,
Our fathers join'd langsyne:
Our fathers, &c.
Come, drink about, in the brown stout,
As they did langsyne.

Poor King James, on Melrose plain,
When spears were glancing fine,
Sigh'd for Buccleuch, and vassals true,
In days o' langsyne:
In days, &c.
Our sires march'd, and boldly fought,
By gallant Scott langsyne.

Proud England's cruel envious queen,
Our Mary did confine;
But the dear martyr'd lover found
A friend in Scott langsyne:
A friend, &c.

Our bonny queen, at Jedbro' green,
Saw borderers langsyne.

Come, a hearty welcome let's gie Frank,
Wha's sprung o' a noble line,
Wi' him we'll live, wi' him we'll die,
Like our fathers langsyne:
Like our fathers, &c.
They drank and fought wi' guid Buccleuch,
In days o' langsyne.

Lang may he live, and happy be,
In virtues may he shine,
And serve his King and Country good,
Like his sires langsyne:
Like his sires, &c.

Note.—The above Song was composed and sung at a Meeting of the small Tenantry of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, convened to celebrate the auspicious event of his Grace attaining majority, at Eckford, Nov. 26, 1827.

Hymns.

ON THE DEITY.

The finny brood that fills the wat'ry space,
The rocks, the streams, and little trickling rills,
The many insect troops, the reptile race,
The numerous cattle on a thousand rills—

All proclaim the Almighty power Divine,—
The great, the wise, the wondrous plan advance;
No power but that Supreme through nature shine,
Why then deny a God, and own but chance?

Survey the bright assembled worlds on high
Roll constant through the concave liquid space;
Like distant glimm'ring lamps, they gild the sky,
Where the Almighty hand points out their race.

Restrain'd by Him, the softly fanning gales
The hoary oak, and waving thickwood sweep;
Or loosed, run dashing headlong through the vales,
And roaring, plough the hoarse-resounding deep.

At His command descend the fleecy flakes
Congeal'd, to wrap creation round with snow;
Vast glassy ice encrusts the stagnate lakes,
And by Him streams arrested cease to flow.

By His great power, and mighty nod enlarg'd,
The awful thunder shakes the blacken'd skies;
And lightning, through the cleft expanse discharged,
Forked and rapid in the air it flies.

O Man! put off the mean, the fatal pride,
Which often turns thy foot from truth's plain road;
And own, at last, a God alone supplied
To you the very power to doubt a God.

ON JESUS.

Jesus ! my Saviour, my supreme delight,
My star, to guide me in affliction's night,
O let my soul be precious in Thy sight,
With Thee for ever live.

The storm-toss'd sailor, on the raging tide,
Hails, with full joy, the bright revolving guide ;
But in a surer beacon I'll confide,
I'll rest my hope on Thee.

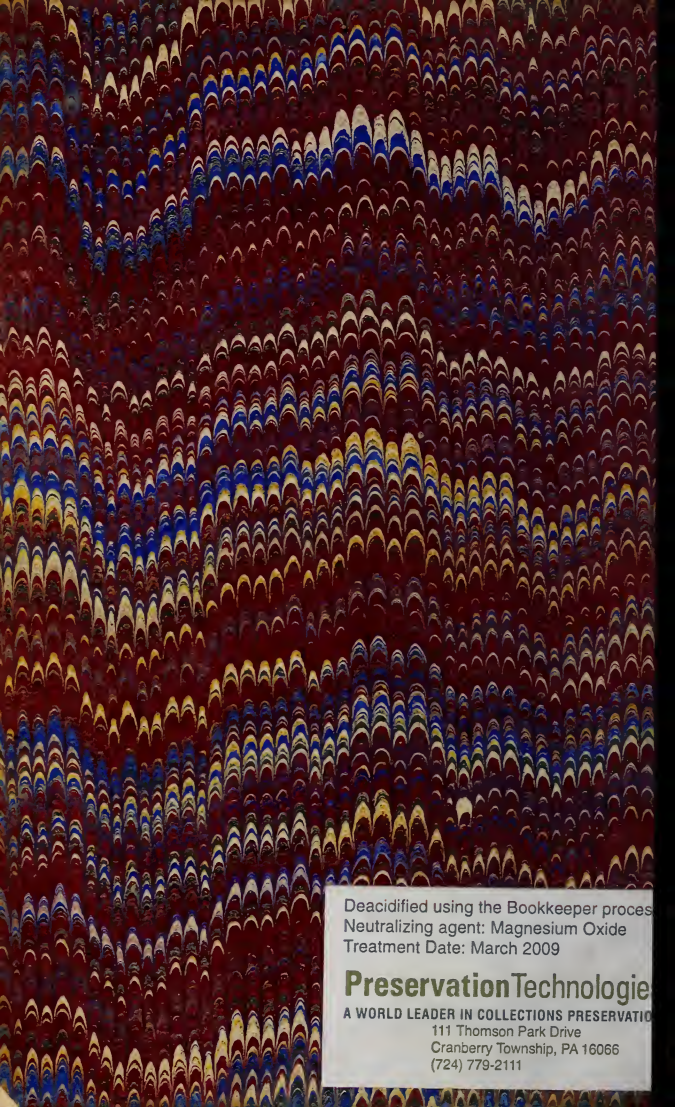
The Indians round their wooden giant* throng,
To offer blood, and shout a savage song:
Ah! vain delusion,—to none but Christ belong
The sacred song of praise.

Clothed in the robe of righteousness divine,
Shall the redeem'd in glory sing and shine:
O Lamb of God! this spotless robe be mine,
While those that pierced Thee wail.

In human strength hath mortal ever stood?
In human merit, who is pure or good?
Wash'd in the fountain of my Saviour's blood,
May I at last appear.

Juggernaut.

END.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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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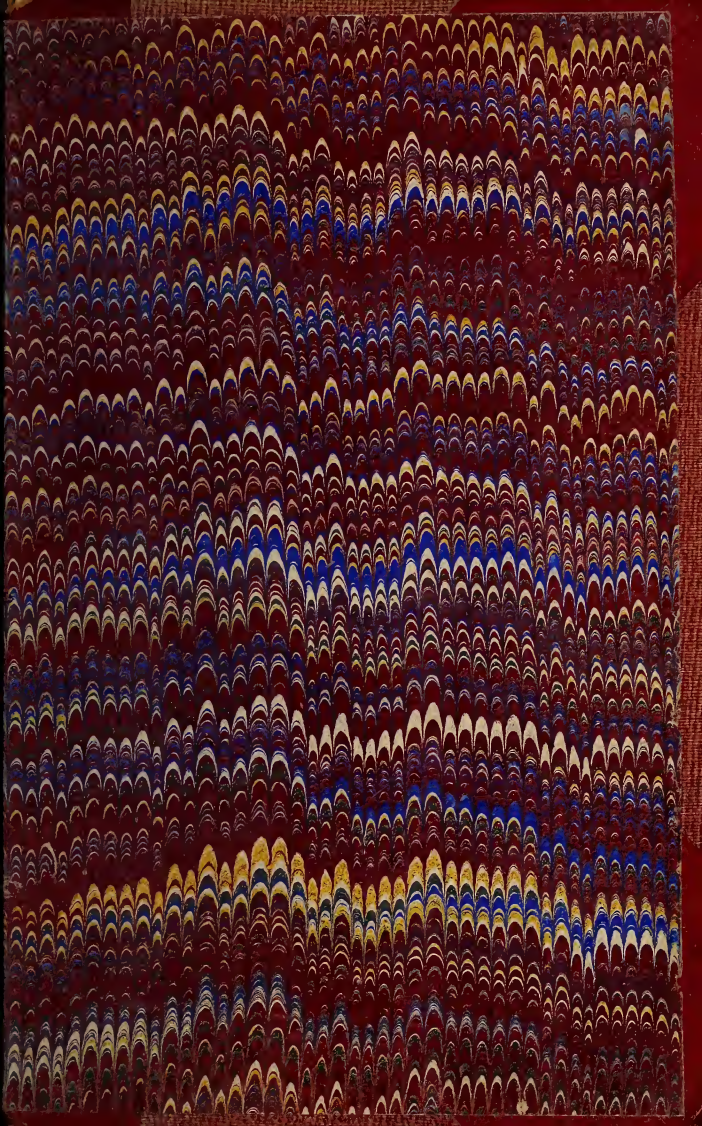

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